

L/S Richard Shaw, D.S.M.
Love and
Congrats from
your home

Stubborn's the word! No need to tell the men on H.M. Submarine of that name what it means to hang on and endure when everything seems hopeless.

The Service has every reason to be proud of this gallant crew, who have just added to their laurels no fewer than eight D.S.M.s and a D.S.O.

Leading Seaman Richard Shaw, of Vicarage-street, Kirkstall, near Leeds, was one of those who earned a D.S.M. He went recently to Buckingham Palace to receive his medal from the King, which, says the official citation, was awarded for "conspicuous gallantry in the face of enemy fire."

There was a big welcome waiting for Richard when he reached Vicarage - Street. Flags were flying, and on a wall at the end of the street was written "Welcome Home" in large letters.

Neighbours got together and collected over £4 for him to show their appreciation.

We couldn't get a picture of him, because the only one in his mother's possession has been lent to take its place in a display of pictures of fighting men to aid the local "Salute the Soldier" Week. That's inter-Services co-operation.

But, as you'll see, Richard, we did get a picture of your Mother and one of your sisters. All six brothers, two sisters, and Mother are well and happy, and all nine are very proud of you.



HE WAS FATHER OF MODERN NAVIGATION

By John England

TWO hundred years ago died John Hadley, half-forgotten genius whose brain evolved the notion of utilising reflected light to measure angles at sea, and thus made accurate stellar observations by navigators a practical proposition.

BOYHOOD interests often determine the after career of the grown man. This was true of John Hadley. He was the son of a rich father, a Hertfordshire landed proprietor. While still a small boy, John Hadley was pre-occupied with the science of Physics, and in particular with the mystery of light. (And in this he resembled the great Newton.)

It was while he was experimenting with reflected light that Hadley got the idea of harnessing this technique for the purpose of measuring angles.

He set to work to explain his ideas. His papers were brilliant, and when read before the Royal Society, attracted much attention. But the thing to do was to make an instrument, since in no other way could the value of his theory be demonstrated.

So young Hadley set to work. The first sextant (it was actually an octant) was a crude affair made of wood. But it was a practical, serviceable instrument.

A new instrument made, the next step was to get authority to recognise its value. Hadley applied to the Lords of the Admiralty, a body in those days in no wise given to rushing at new ideas. However, being a rich man and one with plenty of social and political backing, Hadley was able to get a hearing.

The Admiralty directed tests to be made at Chatham on the

Admiralty yacht, which was to go down to some convenient point beyond the Nore for that purpose.

That an age-long problem of navigation had at long last been solved was immediately apparent, and Hadley's Quadrant, as it was called, became the talk of scientific and Admiralty circles.

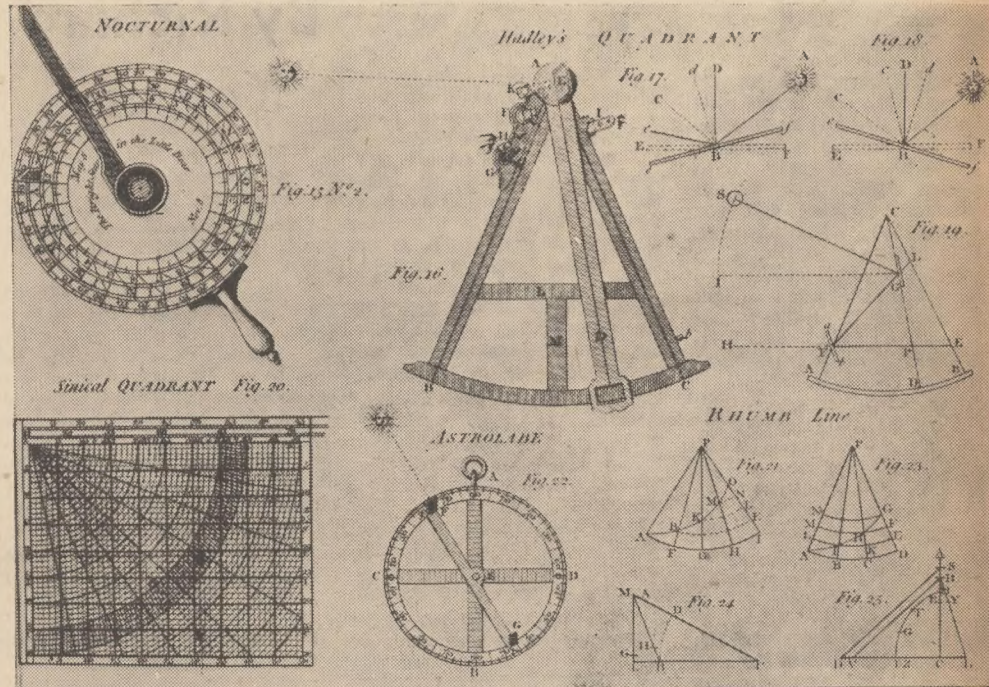
In Lloyd's Coffee House, on Tower Hill, where masters met from all over the world to discuss nautical matters, commands, and other business (it was here that the first seeds of that vast organisation named Lloyd's took root), men now talked of the new instrument whereby the angles between the horizon and stellar bodies, stars, sun and moon, could be accurately measured.

Hadley, who had combined his scientific research with the founding of a firm making optical instruments, was a made man. In 1717 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the great Dr. Halley, after whom the comet is named, referred to the scientist-inventor in terms that assured Hadley immediate fame.

The principle upon which the Hadley sextant was based was that of the double reflecting mirror. Though Hadley hit upon this idea himself, in doing so he actually did that which the late G. K. Chesterton once confessed to have done when he remarked, "I am he who, greatly daring, went out and discovered that which had been discovered before."

Behind that paradox lies the central truth that, whatever a man discovers for himself, or learns from personal experience, is his own discovery, no matter how many others have been before him.

That is why, though Sir Isaac Newton had already suggested the basic idea of the sextant, and Robert Hook had



Hadley's Illustration, 1785

rigged a double-mirror contrivance with the same end in view, it was John Hadley who made the first workable, accurate sextant.

It is from that instrument that the complex, beautifully made sextant as used to-day descends.

Since approximations play no part in determining position at sea (or should not), the reading of the angle became a problem presenting unforeseen difficulties. Hadley saw at once that it was one thing to make an accurate observation by way of the double reflecting mirrors, quite another to read the finding to the accuracy of the minute and minute fraction.

He tried to solve the problem, but the honour of doing so belongs to a Frenchman, Pierre Vernier. In a modern sextant the vernier scale plays a very important part, for it is by means of it that absolute accuracy in the readings can be quite simply secured.

His sextant an accomplished fact, Hadley next invented a telescope in which the reflecting principle was employed. This instrument was a great advance on anything then in use. By means of it, the satel-

lites of Jupiter and other planets were seen by the human eye for the first time.

The secret of Hadley's success and of his great—his incomparable—contribution to navigation, lies in the unusual combination in his genius of the theoretician and the practical inventor. This combination is very infrequent. Usually one man does the theoretical work, another the application before which it remains of interest only to the scientist.

For example, Edison was an inventor without knowledge of higher mathematics or advanced physics. Marconi was in like case. Both were entrepreneurs of the fundamental scientific work of more erudite men. John Hadley was both brilliant inventor and brilliant theoretician.

For instance, it is said that his thesis on the planet Venus revealed him as a mathematician of the first order—and such men appear only in their twos or threes in each generation.

There is another aspect of the epoch-making discovery of the sextant which has a mathematical interest, namely, an example of the happening of an event which would seem to be beyond the limits of possible coincidence.

While Hadley was working on his sextant in his London laboratory in Bloomsbury Square, in far-off Philadelphia a certain Thomas Godfrey was making the first model of his instrument for measuring angles at sea by using reflecting mirrors.

The rival claims were put before the Royal Society, and it was proved abundantly that Hadley possessed priority.

He is little remembered to-day. Yet without the sextant navigation would be where it was when Vasco da Gama sailed the seas with nothing better than the sighting bar and disc that had served seafaring men for so many centuries.

For that reason all seafaring folk should honour this inventor, since all, and every day, profit by his ingenuity.

Poems in Pint Pots

POETS have found inspiration in the pint pot.

In 1787, when he made a tour of the Highlands, Burns wrote over the chimney-piece of the Kenmore Inn, Taymouth:

Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These Northern scenes with weary feet
I trace.

Taking Cawdor into his itinerary, Robbie scratched on the window pane of the little inn there a few sarcastic lines indicating that he had been treated with incivility.

Visiting the Black Bull at Moffat, Burns became friendly with a pretty little wench, and was not so kind to a tall and less attractive woman.

Using a diamond, he scratched on the window pane of the inn:

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

Burns often spent a night in the Globe Inn, Dumfries. There

he was captivated by the charms of pretty Polly Stewart, and, while talking to her, scratched on the window:

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the grain?
Gin a body kiss a body?
The thing's a body's ain.

Jonathan Swift had the craze for scratching on windows. When he visited Canock, the wife of the landlord of the Four Crosses displeased him. Swift took out his pocket-knife and scratched on the window:

Thou fool, to hang up Four
Crosses at the door.
Hang up thy wife, there need
not any more.

But there is no record of the "poet" who scratched this on a tankard at one of Stratford-on-Avon's quaint Shakespearian-style inns:

For this relief, much thanks.
But he who quaffs the good
ale heer
Long defers hisse final bier.
Ale is my meat, Ale is my
drink,
Ale my heart revives;
And all the time while I
drink good ale,
I shall remain alive.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

There is a species of tern or sea-swallow inhabiting the warmer parts of the Atlantic borders, who is so dull of nature, making no attempt to avoid capture, that he is given the name of Noddy—that is, simpleton.

The young of an eel is an elver, of a swan a cygnet, of a goose a gosling, and of an eagle an eaglet.

Famous sea adventurers and pirates were the Northmen of Scandinavia, who were masters of the northern waters up to the 11th century. They settled in the North of France, among other places, and founded the Duchy of Normandy, later conquering England under their leader, William.

Holders of the Congressional Medal of Honour, the American V.C., are saluted by every Army man, from Commander-in-Chief to the rawest recruit.

Men who work in high-pressure chambers are liable to a disease called "the bends," or "caisson disease." It results from air coming out of the blood when the worker leaves the chamber, and can be avoided by "slow decompression," that is, letting off the pressure gradually.

It is said that one shell from a 16in. naval gun is greater in weight and destructive power than would be a double broadside from the "Victory's" 100 guns.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

I am under Suspicion again

PART 2

I CAME to Oldford in time for lunch. Harassed and weary, for I had hardly slept two hours, I was still uncertain of what I ought to do. I wanted a friend's advice badly, but I had no intimate friend, for I had been away from England for so long.

I might have gone to old Mathew Sibton who looked after my father's affairs if he were still alive, but frankly I hesitated to go to him and say: "Look here, the police think I murdered Uncle Alban, will you represent me?" For that is all I could have said.

My nerves were all on edge and I was scared, for the more I thought of it the more I realised how pitifully weak my story was. That damned alibi which meant so much in every murder book I had ever read, simply didn't exist. From ten o'clock on the Tuesday night until eight on the Wednesday morning when my tea was brought up I could not think of a soul who could identify me. And during that time my frenzied imagination told me the police could say I had returned to Eastwinds killed my uncle and driven back to town.

That the police were working, I knew. I had spotted the pub where I had had my sandwiches as I drove down. It was the "Red Lion" at Kenmarket on the main road about ten miles from Oldford. I had gone in there for a drink and recalled myself to the red-headed landlord and his response had been devastating.

"Oh, yes," he said turning away from me. "I've had Mr. Mace in here about you already. That Oldford case, isn't it?"

I left my beer unfinished. No, I had to fight the matter out alone but already I could almost feel a rope about my neck.

I was at the Town Hall sharp at half past two. Mace was standing just inside the door talking to a constable whom I learned afterwards was the Coroner's Officer.

He greeted me in a friendly way and thanked me for being early. Then he took me over to a corner asking as he went: "Has anything fresh occurred to your mind, Mr. Harborough?" in a tone that suggested that I might be prepared to make a confession and that he would make things as easy for me as possible.

I said: "No. Nothing." "Then we'll just go over the statement you gave me last night—or rather this morning," he replied with an unconvincing laugh, and produced some type-written sheets.

I SHALL never forget that inquiry. It was held in a big bare room. There was a small stage at one end upon which the Coroner sat, and the walls were hung with framed photographs of groups of dull-looking people.

The Coroner was a deputy, a dreary, weak-eyed old gentleman who gave a false impression of immense reluctance to undertake the task that awaited him. He felt the cold and sat in a heavy old-fashioned ulster throughout the proceedings.

The jury was sworn and I regarded them keenly, eight self-conscious looking men in their best clothes, half of them fishermen, the rest apparently of the small tradesman class. A collection of men, I felt, to be all too easily influenced by the opinions of their betters. But there, thank God, I was wrong.

Then the Coroner began. He shed his appearance of gloomy reluctance instantly and spoke in a brisk firm voice as he outlined the case. He was really going to enjoy it I felt and after a few moments I knew that he was antipathetic to me. It was more the definite emphasis he put on

his words than what he said that told me that. The jury, he stated, was there to enquire into the cause of Mr. Alban Harborough's death and that only. If in the course of the evidence they were about to hear, surmise arose in their minds that went beyond this, that was not their concern, but they might be assured that it was the concern of others. They would understand him and he would say no more. Then Alfred Cole was called.

Alfred Cole was an old grey-headed fisherman. At about half past five yesterday morning, he said, he had been walking along the Oldford beach, as was his custom after a roughish night, to see if anything had come ashore. It was just after dawn, and close by Mr. Harborough's bungalow he saw something black in the surf.

"You discovered it was a body," the Coroner broke in. "Yes, sir," Cole agreed. "And what did you do?" "Well, I pulled 'un ashore." "And then?"

"I got 'un as far up the beach as I could and I went off for Mr. Warne the policeman."

Again the Coroner interrupted. "You have seen the body of the gentleman into whose death we are enquiring to-day and you are satisfied that that is the one you found?"

"Of course, sir. I knew 'un well. Mr. Harborough it was, from Eastwinds. Poor gentleman. Why many's the time—"

"Thank you, Mr. Cole," the Coroner broke in, "that is all we need trouble you with at the moment." He asked the jury if they had any question to put.

The foreman, a keen red-faced man who was a local shopkeeper, as I learned later, demanded: "How was the tide when you found him, Mr. Cole?"

"Just made its mark," Cole answered.

The Coroner looked bemused and someone explained that he meant it was just beginning to fall.

"Pretty rough, was it?" the foreman continued. "There was a nasty bit of sea coming in."

"Thank you, Mr. Cole," the foreman said as if he had extracted some valuable information.

Police-constable Warne gave his evidence and then Emily Long was called. She "did" for Mr. Harborough, she stated and she identified him.

She was an angular, thin-lipped woman with a shrewish voice and unruly black hair. I remembered her as the woman who had placed the dishes on the table when I had that ghastly meal with my Uncle Alban. She seemed to resent me then and when she had served the pineapple and the leathery cheese she had asked if she need stay any longer, in a martyred tone.

My uncle had replied politely,

Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

"No thank you, Mrs. Long," and she had left the room almost before he had finished speaking.

"And when did you last see your employer alive?" the Coroner asked.

"After nine, I should say on Tuesday. I was kept very late that night. I didn't go there regular of evenings. Mr. Harborough, he used to get his own bit of supper but he asked me to come in special o' Tuesday because his nephew had telegraphed him he was coming down unexpected and he wanted me to cook him a bit of something."

Presently the Coroner began to put questions to her. They were utterly unfair, but I dared not protest. Encouraged by these questions Mrs. Long stated that my arrival was unexpected until my telegram came.

"Didn't Mr. Harborough tell you that he had invited his nephew?" the Coroner asked. "Never said nothing to me about it, sir."

"But he would have done, I suppose?"

"He ought to ha' done," Mrs. Long agreed after a few minutes' consideration.

"Yet he didn't?"

"No, sir."

The Coroner hunched his heavy coat about his shoulders and leaned forward.

"Now tell us, Mrs. Long," he went on. "Did the deceased gentleman seem at all excited—or annoyed—at the prospect of this unexpected visitor?"

"No, sir. I can't say as he did."

"He didn't say he was glad, or sorry?"

"No, sir. He only say his nephew had telegraphed that he was coming down and would I come back and cook a bit of something for supper."

The Coroner cleared his throat and appeared disappointed.

"Was Mr. Harborough in the habit of having visitors?"

"He was the first as ever came of an evening to my knowledge for all the years I worked for the poor gentleman," Mrs. Long said.

"Did the conversation at the table seem to be an amicable one—I mean quite friendly, no arguments or excitements?"

"I never took no notice. I don't listen."

"Quite. Now did you ever hear the deceased say anything that might suggest that he contemplated taking his own life?"

"What, you mean kill himself? Not him. He wasn't that sort. A nice, quiet gentleman."

A RUSTLE of anticipation went through the room as Doctor Corby came forward. Then a hush as he began to speak. His was the evidence all these people had come to hear. I listened as eagerly as any one though in an odd detached sort of way.

He was a man about sixty, strong featured, with a very high forehead. He spoke with more than a trace of Scottish accent, tersely and exactly. He had examined the body of Mr. Alban Harborough and the injuries he found upon it he described first in medical terms then translated them for the benefit of the jury.

The left temple was broken, and there was a fracture of the jaw bone. There were other injuries that obviously were caused by the rolling of the body in the surf. But the head and jaw fractures were caused before death. The actual cause of death was drowning. The body had been in the water only a few hours and when asked if he could give the time of death he said: "Approximately, yes; but only approximately. I should say that death occurred not earlier than midnight and not later than two o'clock in the morning, but I could well be wrong an hour either way."

Even then the significance of Corby's carefully phrased statements had not been appreciated by the majority of those who filled the room. There was a sound of whispering as the doctor was telling of the injuries, but there was a loud gasp of amazement a few moments later.

The Coroner, sitting back in his chair, said in a dry, level tone: "Although you tell us that drowning was the actual cause of death, those injuries which were inflicted before death, would they in your opinion have been sufficient to have caused death, Doctor Corby?"

Corby answered grimly. "In my opinion, yes."

"Could they have been accidentally inflicted?"

"That is possible but highly improbable."

"Then, may the jury take it that in your opinion the deceased gentleman was the victim of a deliberate and murderous attack?"

"It is," Corby said definitely.

"Will you please tell us, Doctor Corby, how you believe those injuries could have been inflicted and their immediate effect upon the victim?" he asked.

Corby glanced at some notes. "The condition of the body was such, owing to injuries received after death, that it is inadvisable to be dogmatic," he said precisely. "The injury to the temple would have been caused by a heavy blow struck with a stick or similar weapon or even a big stone. That to the jaw might have been caused by the fall which followed, or by a blow."

"I had attended Mr. Harborough professionally from time to time during the past two years," Corby said in answer to another

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10		11		12
13					14		
15				16			17
	18					19	
20	21					22	
23			24				
25		26			27		28
29	30			31			
32					33		
	34						35

CLUES DOWN.

1 Opposition. 2 Space. 3 White fur. 4 Nourished. 5 Inspire. 6 Diving bird. 7 Girl's name. 8 Tyrant. 9 Vehicle for one. 10 Things said. 11 Flower. 12 Sort of seed. 13 Gesture. 14 Fruit. 15 Servant. 16 Beyond. 17 Headland. 18 Entreat. 19 Shrub.

1 Branch. 4 Baffled. 9 Row. 11 Proceedings. 13 Harmonised. 14 Vaunt. 15 Among. 16 Cask. 17 Pennsylvania. 18 Ill-defined. 19 Sleeping place. 20 Portent. 22 Ship's officer. 23 And not. 24 Reptile. 25 Pronoun. 26 Soft food. 27 Fine fabric. 29 Fibre. 31 Mountain ash. 32 Rodent. 33 Not suitable. 34 Provoke. 35 Aye.

ROOK NAILER
UNRAVEL AXE
LEAL GENIAL
I NEAR ARMY
NAG POOP P
GLEBE VEILS
T AXLE NEW
NEWS ARCH E
ARISEN HEAD
KEN SCOURGE
EDDIES BEEN

question. "He was in a fair state of health for a man of his age—but he was by no means a well man." He went on to give details of high blood pressure and of a weak heart which had grown worse in recent months. Corby had visited my uncle only a few days previously and had warned him to take greater care of himself. He had been suffering from attacks of giddiness, he said, and he had prescribed a new medicine. The Coroner put his final questions.

"Do you think, Doctor Corby, that Mr. Harborough could have had any form of seizure?"

"I do not."

"You are convinced that his injuries were deliberately inflicted?"

"Yes."

I glanced at the jurymen. They were talking among themselves in low voices, apparently debating some point. The red-faced foreman said, "All right," and rose.

"There is just one thing we'd like to get straight, sir," he began. "We'd like to be quite sure that it was impossible for poor Mr. Harborough to have fallen accidentally and hurt his skull that way. There's a lot of big old stones on the beach down there that you might easily enough crack your head on if you fell, and an old gentleman like him, we reckon it would be easier to smash a bone than it would for a young 'un."

Doctor Corby answered instantly in his dry precise way: "As I have already said, an accidental cause is possible, though hardly possible. It would be most unusual—"

"But you wouldn't swear, sir, that it wasn't?"

"I can add nothing more to the opinion I have already given."

"But whatever happened, he died by drowning?"

"Yes. He was alive when he entered the water."

The foreman turned to his jury. "That all you wanted?" he asked.

Three or four men nodded, and he added: "Thank you, doctor. I think we've got it clear now."

Then my turn came.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A hoopoe is a child's toy, bird, ring for a parrot's cage, hiccough, Swedish innkeeper, young badger?
2. Who wrote (a) Fortitude, (b) Solitude?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Vermont, Virginia, Oklahoma, Vancouver, Nebraska, Ohio.
4. What does the name of the Kitty Hawk plane commemorate?
5. Have the women of the U.S.A. the vote?
6. In what country is the rupee a current coin?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Acquiesce, Arthritis, Appareled, Admissible, Aerate, Aeronautical.
8. About how many Red Indians are there in U.S.A.?
9. What is the capital of Western Australia?
10. In what sport does one try to "hit the gold"?
11. What was the name of Sancho Panza's donkey?
12. Name five countries beginning with A, B, C, D and E, respectively.

Answers to Quiz in No. 385

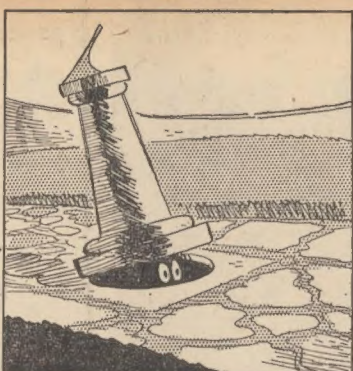
1. Bird.
2. (a) Balzac, (b) G. B. Shaw.
3. Colander is a cooking utensil; others are animals.
4. A synchronised form of applauding.
5. Four; the wives of Noah and his three sons.
6. Tuesday.
7. Broccoli, Bassoon.
8. It was invented by Leo H. Baekeland in 1909.
9. California, 1911, by Glenn Curtiss.
10. New Amsterdam.
11. Yes.
12. Veracity, Electricity, Paucity, Mendacity, etc.

The year 1552 saw the foundation of several of our public schools, including Bedford Grammar School, the King Edward School, Birmingham, Christ's Hospital, and Shrewsbury. But these were not the earliest foundations, for Eton started in 1440, the City of London School two years later, while Westminster and Winchester both date from the 14th century. Warwick was actually founded in 1123.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



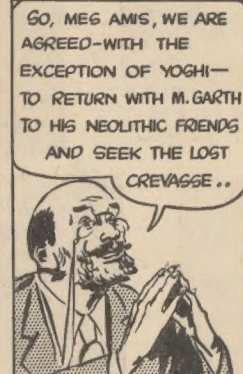
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



A PRESS photographer who started with a box Brownie and muffed his first effort by looking in the back of the camera to see how the picture was getting on, has written a book about his decade and a half in Fleet Street.

They call him "Lucky" Dean in the Street. Some say that is on account of his sales talk when something goes wrong and the picture doesn't materialise. (Any man who can talk a picture editor out of firing him when he returns without a picture really is a lucky guy.) Those who have been around with Edward Dean know better, though, and give him the tag because he's delivered the goods when others have failed.

Dean had the distinction of taking the first picture of Princess Elizabeth in her pram; he chased the Duke of Windsor by car and plane at the time of his abdication; was wounded in Vienna during the Socialist revolt. He has photographed kings and costers, seen the rich made poor and the poor made rich. Since the outbreak of war he has been constantly in the Front Line, covering the Luftwaffe raids on London and the provinces, the Dieppe raid, and going into action with most branches of the Services.



"LUCKY" DEAN.

DEAN works for the London "Daily Mirror" now; he wrote the book in the photographers' mess when he should have been playing poker. He seldom had time at home, because his wife likes the garden to look trim, and the chickens and his son take the rest of his time.

He tells of these things that are the home life of every man, and he recalls the thrills and triumphs, the heartbreaks and intrigues, of his daily task of beating the clock and a flock of rivals.

Between the covers of "Lucky Dean" are a hundred life stories that combine to make the story of one life - that of "Lucky" Dean.

Robert Hale Ltd. publish the book for 12s. 6d.



AFTER turning in their graves from 1485 onwards, the ex-customers of The White Hart Hotel at Gainsborough (Lincs) can now sleep in peace.

They owe eternal rest to the patrons of the 1940s who have waged a two-year war on their behalf.

The trouble has been over the inn sign. Nobody seems to know how long the offending board has been swinging in the Gainsborough breeze, but the very thought of it caused customers to shiver.

Reason? It depicted a white heart, in which a fearsome-looking dagger had been embedded.

But now the customers are happy, for when they went to the inn during the week-end they found that the brewery had substituted the "heart" sign with that of a stag.

The White Hart is an inn of the Richard II vintage. To Manager Sam Noble the sign is a mystery.

"I hope the customers will be satisfied now," he said. "I am told it was the only sign in England depicting a heart instead of a hart."



THE office boy and secretary at mid-day to-day were talking about a grub-screw. Funny thing how so many people in so many walks of life know about such a technical point, don't you think?

Ron Richards

Good Morning



A quaint corner of Milton Bryant, two miles from Woburn in Beds. Unspoiled and with only a population of 183, it remains one of those cherished beauty-spots of which we are so proud.



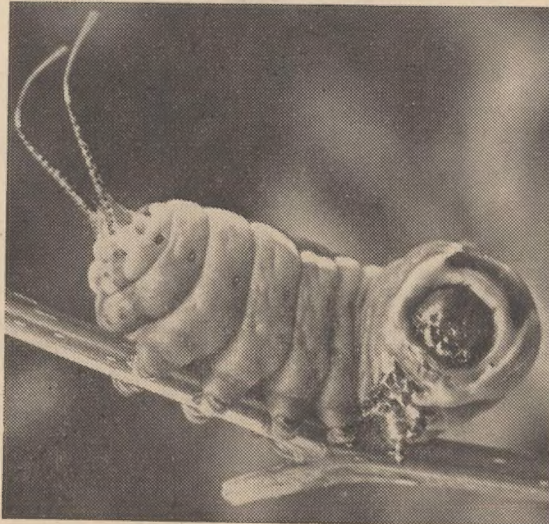
And when the Ugly Duckling was first introduced to the children, they seemed to resent him, but before long the whole class left their chairs and declared him the pet of St. Vincent's Nursery Training School.



"Now, before I leap, I want to be sure that I land clean on top of that dainty morsel."



Auburnhaired, green-eyed, photogenic Irish beauty, Jeanne Crain, in 20th Century-Fox technicolour "Home in Indiana."



"Somehow I don't feel very safe. Can't make it out, but something tells me to get moving."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well, if he gets you, I'll get him."

